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A Texas Huntress.

The woman who can hunt, fish, shoot and ride has always been a favorite theme with novelists who depict her as possessing all the fearlessness, nerve and skill of the stern sex, withal possessing more than the average feminine charms of her sisters.

And the novelists do not exaggerate the charms of this type of lovely woman, for she is as charming and popular in everyday life as she is depicted as the heroine of a story. Such women are respected, loved and admired in contradiction to the mannish women who smoke cigarettes, indulge in slang and risky conversation and affect the outward garb as well as the manners of their male companions. Such females, while men are at ease in their society, are not sought in marriage, and are spoken of slightly in their absence.

Of the former type of charming women who, while thoroughly enjoying outdoor sports with all the zest of the adept with gun and rod, at the same time are modest, retiring and noble specimens of pure womanhood, Mrs. John F. Sedwick of Waco, Tex., affords a notable example.

The lady is at present visiting her brother, Major George M. Helm of Helm Station, Miss. The Major, be it known, is somewhat of a sportsman, and likes nothing better than to take dogs and gun and sail forth in search of whatever game, big or small, he can bag.

He is a good shot, but his sister is equally expert, and she is at once the wonder and admiration of Washington county for her prowess with the breech-loader.

Day after day bird-shooting parties were organized during her visit, and at the close of each day's sport the lady had invariably more birds to her credit than her brother, the Major, or any of his friends, and she gained them honestly, for, like true sportsmen or sportswomen, she scorned to take them other than on the wing.

On Monday last a grand deer hunt, to which many of the neighboring gentry, sportsmen all of them, were invited was organized. After breakfast the gay party started out, big with expectancy and determined not to return without some token of their prowess.

The canebreaks reached, the dogs were turned loose, the various hunters took their respective "stand" at points where the deer would naturally seek to escape the drive, and waited in patience.

Soon the baying hounds announced that game had been started, and the hunters concealed themselves, awaiting with that suppressed eagerness known only to the sportsmen for a sight of their prey.

As luck would have it the dogs had started a fine buck, which sought to escape, running toward the stand guarded by Mrs. Sedwick and her brother. On he came with bounding leaps, flying from the visible and audible foes in the rear, all unconscious of the hidden danger in front of him.

Coolly, with no sign of "buck ague" and without a tremor of nervousness, the lady, bringing her weapon into position, took quick but steady aim. The Major, albeit his accomplished sister had demonstrated her skill as a bird shooter, doubting her ability to bring down the nobler game, got ready his weapon, but before he could bring it to bear Mrs. Sedwick pulled the trigger, there was a puff of smoke, a report, and the magnificent four-point buck, with one leap high in the air, fell dead.

The shot was the signal that brought together the scattered hunters. The day's hunt was declared over, the game was taken home, dressed and eaten at a merry feast given in the heroine's honor. The lady modestly bore the congratula-

tions showered upon her, and the Major is as proud of his relative as though she were of royal blood. And so she is—of the royal blood of American womanhood.—Memphis Avalanche.

Shot Down in Court.

Panama, Nov. 24.—One of the most tragic scenes that ever took place in a courtroom was witnessed at Rivas, Nicaragua, on October 22d. Tomas Martinez, a Costa Rican, was arraigned for trial on a charge of attempting to murder Dr. Trinidad Flores, and the accused stood quietly in the dock and listened to the testimony without any remark. He betrayed some emotion when Dr. Flores was delivering his evidence, but made no comment.

When all the evidence was in and he was called upon to plead he stepped forward, with his right hand in the breast of his coat, and said:

"Gentlemen, I know the jury will condemn me, but before being condemned I must get rid of this one."

Quick as a flash he drew a revolver from his breast and shot Dr. Flores dead. Then he coolly aimed at Senor Gustavo Chamorro, the counsel for the prosecution, who also fell dead with a bullet in his brain.

Gregorio Rojas, the father-in-law of Dr. Flores, then sprang at the prisoner and closed with him. They wrestled for a moment, during which the jury and everybody hustled each other to get outside. Tomas Martinez got a chance to use his weapon again, and the valiant old gentleman who was struggling with him for its possession was desperately wounded.

Then, while the excitement was at its height the prisoner, revolver in hand, pushed his way through the crowd and escaped.

Some hours afterward he was recaptured and put in jail under a strong guard.

In a speech at St. Louis last Friday Henry George said:

Before entering into his subject, he wished to congratulate his hearers upon the last election. He was glad and proud of it. He had told the people in Australia long ago that they would learn the fallacies of protection practiced there, walling one colony from the other and the whole continent from the outside world. He had told the people in the United States the same thing and they had proved him right, better than he had dared hope. But the reform was not to be gained merely by sweeping majorities. The spirit of the people must be moved.

The single tax, was, he said in the first place, free trade—not reduction of tariff, but free trade without bar or impediment, simply the right given man by God to pursue a useful occupation. Free trade should go further than the custom house. His party proposed to abolish all taxes save one tax on land values, irrespective of improvements. The single tax would merely leave to the people the reward of their labor and thrift. Land of itself has no value. It is free as the air and as the air should be, the equal property of all men.

Mr. John T. Campbell presented in the American Association, the evidence in support of his belief that there was, in the Wabash River, one last great flood near the close of glacial time, and then the water-supply was so cut off or diminished that there was never another fresher large enough to wipe out or modify the marks it left. This flood, in the opinion of the author carried about one hundred times as much water as do the great floods of the present time.

The will of the late Newton Case, of Hartford, Conn., bequeaths \$500,000 to Hartford Theological Seminary.

Stud Poker.

Bud McDonald, a Denver sport, has told a reporter an interesting version of the origin of stud-horse poker. "Poker" McCool and one Brady were the gamblers. Time—Before the war. Said Bud:

"The deal was Brady's, and the first card had been given to each of them, when McCool wanted a card turned for another round of drinks. Brady turned it, and a four-spot fell to each. With a recklessness and gambling informality which had characterized the game throughout, McCool threw a large sum of money on the table and Brady called it.

It seemed to be merely a bet before the draw, and the players tacitly understood in what manner it would be won or lost. McCool called for another card to be turned and it was done. Each got a five-spot. McCool made another addition to the pot, which Brady covered, and a third card was turned. Each got a six.

Up to this time the players had intended that, after deciding the question of drinks, the drawing should be proceeded with, but now the game took another turn, and it was decided to settle the hand without drawing. The fifth card was accordingly turned, and it was a deuce.

There was an immense pile in the pot, and the interest among the crowd, which was packed around the table, was so intense and the silence was so deep that the ticking of the tall clock behind the bar sounded like a hammer striking on an anvil. Both men sat deeply absorbed in study. McCool's buried card was a six spot, and he was certain enough that his pair had Brady beaten.

Brady's buried card was a trey, and he had a straight, and a sure thing. His credit, sitting behind that hand, was unlimited, and he was prepared to play it.

The betting proceeded slowly but heavily, until finally McCool had all his earthly possessions represented in the stake on the table, except two objects.

One of these was his stallion, who stood champing his bit on the street outside; the other was his old negro slave, who stood holding the horse. Finally, McCool ordered the negro to be brought in, and Brady deposited \$2,000 against him at the same time raising McCool \$5,000.

After some moments of cool study McCool told Brady that all he owned was on the table, with the exception of his horse. He was willing to put him up against the last bet that Brady had made. The proposition was accepted and McCool ordered the horse to be led in and he was.

When the betting was at last over and nothing was lacking to decide the game but the appearance of the two buried cards, McCool called for a glass of liquor. It was not until he had emptied this that he asked to see his opponent's card.

When it was shown down he silently got up from the table and walked through the crowd, which had parted for his passage out into the street.—Boston Herald.

The Ordnance Bureau is correct in its determination not to decide upon a smokeless powder until European experiments have decided which is the best for our purposes. The delicacy of the chemical combinations which these powders necessitate is so great that deterioration rapidly ensues when they are stored in bulk, and the experience of the French in this regard is quite sufficient to caution us.—Philadelphia Times.

The largest barometer yet made has been put in working order in the St. Jacques Tower, in Paris. It is forty-one feet five inches high.

Marvels of Surgery.

So life be left in our bodies, no matter if they be hacked or hewed or maimed or broken, the surgeon will set hopefully about the work of repair. The process of grafting animal tissue is now carried to such an extent that the deficiency of one creature is made good by taking a piece or part of another. A disgusting birth-mark on the face of a child was recently nearly cut away, and a patch of skin taken from the arm of the mother was transplanted to cover the wound. A man so frightfully burned as to lose the greater part of the epidermis was successfully recovered with frog skin. Recovery will have a double meaning henceforth for him. Oculists have taken the cornea from the eyes of rabbits, cats and dogs, to replace and make good the vision of human beings. That wonderful fiber, the nerve, has also yielded itself to the skillful touch of science. The nerves may be patched and pieced. The nerves of brutes have been successfully joined to the stumps of severed nerves of men. Baldness may be cured by grafting. A New York physician has recently repaired ravages of this kind by first taking grafts from the patient's own scalp, where time had spared his locks, and afterward eking out the supply by portions taken from the head of another person, doubtless selecting hair of the proper color. "These grafts were cut up by means of a punch, and included not only the thickness of skin, but also subcutaneous tissues beneath, which left them fully a quarter of an inch thick. Holes corresponding in size to these left after the removal of the grafts, were, of course, made in the scalp for their reception. All the grafts united well, without suppuration or untoward results, and bore hair luxuriantly." Even the bones, when they have been splintered by accident or destroyed by disease, may be replaced with better bones and become incorporate with the complete osseous structure. In the light of such surgical achievement the mysterious creation of woman in the Garden of Eden loses a part of its incomprehensibility. The hurts and ailments of our poor humanity are helped and healed with a skill that approaches magic. As Prospero could set his goblins at work to grind the joints of his enemies with dry convulsions, and to shorten their sinews with aged cramps, so the good magicians of the scalpel can now undo the demonic work of the goblins, who apparently have never left off grinding men's joints and shortening their sinews. In these days of wonderful scientific discovery the surgeon easily keeps steps with advancing knowledge.—Philadelphia Record.

Horse With a Mustache.

A horse with a mustache is something of a novelty, and such a curiosity attracted quite a large crowd on Front street one afternoon. The animal is jet black, and from his upper lip grows a bunch of hairs of a light color and as thick as the hair on his body, but measuring over two inches in length and as stiff as bristles. This hair parts in the middle and curls to the side, as does a mustache on the lip of a man, showing that it has been quite carefully trained. The animal is the property of Thomas Jones, of Paxton, and is 16 years old.—Worcester (Mass.) Times.

An installation for the purpose of plowing the land by electric motors has been set up on property belonging to Marquis de la Laguna, of Spain. The power of a water-wheel of about twenty horse-power will be employed, and the employed, and the employment for working the land is expected to work at a distance of three miles from the generating dynamo.

Nigger Ben's Gold.

Prospectors Hank Williams and John Packer left to-day for the Santa Maria mountains in Mohave county, where they hope to find the traditional "Nigger Ben" diggings, that are said to be richer than that gold pocket on Antelope Mountain which yielded \$200,000 during the time that A. J. Peeples acted as treasurer for the boys working there in the early '60-ies.

Nigger Ben had followed Major Peeples from the South. In 1863, while hostile Indians rendered life momentarily insecure for those adventurous Antelope gold diggers, Nigger Ben, being perhaps the first colored man ever seen in that country, found favor among the fierce Mohave-Apaches.

They invited him to go where more gold lay than had ever been seen by white man. Outfitted by Major Peeples the negro went with three different parties of red men, each of which took him by different, devious and equally dangerous routes to the same water-springs where abode an aged chief, Yabi-Yuma.

Here the Indians seemed to be overcome with superstitious dread. The well-known Indian law against revealing gold deposits to white men also had its effects, even in the case of colored Ben. His savage guides gesticulated wildly, saying, as their arms swept the horizon: "Here, here, big gold; look, find heap." Then they departed.

Nigger Ben searched as best he could alone, and later returned to Antelope.

Finally he induced Major Peeples to fit out an expedition. For several weeks the supposed placer country that contains the gold was prospected. But the basin that conceals the wealth has never yet been found.

Major Peeples believes it exists, and has given Williams and Packer precise diagrams of the locality.

Should the pocket be found and prove as rich as the old Antelope diggings, the boys will be well rewarded.

Major Peeples tells how he used to sit for an hour or two, stirring up Antelope sand with a butcher knife and picking out the yellow pebbles until he had over \$100 in his buckskin.

The Nigger Ben locality is about 35 miles northwest of Congress mine.—Phoenix Herald.

When Jim Blaine, Steve Dorsey and Steve Elkins were knocked out, Matt Quay, Tom Reed Bill McKinley and Ben Harrison leaped into the saddle. Now that Quay, Reed, McKinley and Harrison have been repudiated, there are republicans and monopolists who gravely talk about calling on Blaine, Elkins and Dorsey again, and speak of them as "new leaders." The protective tariff robbers would ask nothing better than this. The two crowds are the same in all essentials and the monopolists love them both. A really new republican leader might be an honest man, without hurting the party any.—Chicago Herald.

Unless some of our investigators of bacteria are mistaken, there seems to be hardly a situation where these minute organisms may not be found. Thus Dr. Charles M. Cresson claims to have discovered typhoid bacilli in the juice squeezed from celery grown near Philadelphia; and the Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin for May 1890, records some observations, by A. C. Abbott, upon bacteria found in the interior of large hailstones which fell during the storm of April 26, 1890.—Popular Science Monthly.

The total receipts of the women's executive committee of home missions of the Presbyterian Church, from April 1st to October 1st were \$104,827.35.

A New Gold Saver.

I. F. Sheldon, a prominent Missouri railroad official, is at present in Denver in the interest of one of the most remarkable inventions of the age—an invention that is destined to revolutionize the gold mining industry of the country. A Denver man is the inventor, and the machine is called the hydrogen free gold and quicksilver saving machine and is a new process for saving gold from mill tailings. The process is a complete reversal of all former methods and is one that promises almost fabulous results. Heretofore in gold mining the crushed ore has, by means of water, been passed over copper plates loaded with quick silver, and where the metal was very fine a large portion of it was carried away by the action of the water. This loss was considered unavoidable, for when the current was reduced to such a point as to permit an approximate absorption of all the metal the work was too slow. By the new process it is said that every particle of gold or silver can be saved and refractory and low grade ores can be treated as successfully as others. From one to thirty dollars per ton more, it is asserted, can be saved from ordinary ore. One of the machines can handle 100 tons of ore per day.—Exchange.

Trees Six Hundred and Fifty feet High.

"What do you think of trees 650 feet high?" said Prof. F. O. Plummer to the editor of the Olympia Tribune. "They are to be found," continued the professor, "that high in the unsurveyed townships near the foot of Mt. Tacoma; and what is more, I have seen them and made an instrumental measurement of a number with that result. There are lots of trees near the base of Mt. Tacoma whose foliage is so far above the ground that it is impossible to tell to what family they belong, except by the bark. Very few people know or dream of the immensity of our forest growth. I wish that some of our large trees could be sent to the World's Fair at Chicago. We could send a flagpole, for instance, from 300 to 400 feet long.

It seems probable that the great, at least the immediate, future of astronomy lies in the judicious use of spectroscopy and photography, rather than in the increase of optical power by the construction of large telescopes. Give a small telescope with a plate attached to it time enough and it will see as much as a big one will show to the most sensitive eye. As dry plates will retain their sensitiveness, exposure can be continued for days, shutting off the light when the object has sunk too low in the west, and recommencing it when it shall be high enough in the east again.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Salvation Army has property in various countries to the amount of \$3,250,000. More than one-half of this is credited to Great Britain. In the United States the value of its property is less than \$35,000.

It is stated that the Church of England has raised and expended over £35,000,000 sterling in church building, repairing, etc., during the twenty-five years ending with 1884. The church spends \$1,000,000 yearly on these objects.

"What success did you meet with in collecting rents in the French apartment house to-day?" "None I was met with flat refusals."

"How inferior Jaggs appears besides his big queenly wife?" "Yes, she makes him look like a minority report."

The German Methodists in this country have built and dedicated forty churches since the first of the year.